

SNAP SHOTS AT PRETTY GIRL.

THE NEW BAREFOOT FAD.—

—OUT TAKING THE KNEIPP CURE.

YVETTE TALKS POLITICS

Mlle. Guilbert Likes Both Gold and Silver, but Liane de Pougy—"Mon Dieu!"



Testing the Barefoot Cure on Dewy Grass at Dawn. A Sunday Journal Woman Tries the New Cure, Which Is the Latest Society Whim.

It was one of the hottest mornings of last week when I took the Knipp cure at East River Park. I was not alone, for although it was before dawn when I reached the Park, there were several men and women walking about in their bare feet upon the dewy grass.

It seemed a rather foolish proceeding, but I knew that many great cures had been accomplished through the famous Knipp treatment, and that no less persons than the great Bismarck and Pope Leo XIII. attest the healthfulness of walking in the grass with uncovered feet at dawn.

I arranged to try the cure in the company of one of the most ardent of the Knippists in this city. Mr. Henry L. Charles, president of Knipp Verein No. 1, of New York, gave me a card to her, and I met her by appointment at the Park before the great red sun had risen over Blackwell's Island to torture the city with another day of sweltering heat.

We chose East River Park in preference to Central Park, for the reason that the police in the latter interfere with those who wish to try the cure. They drive off any one whom they find strolling over the grass, and have even threatened to arrest the offenders.

But they have relaxed their vigilance in East River Park, for, on the morning that I tried the cure, we did not see even one officer, although the fear of one appearing upon the scene was uppermost in every one's mind. Frequently there were false alarms, and we seized our shoes and stockings and prepared to run in most undignified haste.

I had never heard of East River Park until I determined to try the Knipp cure, and I will say for the benefit of those who live on the upper West Side that if they ever wish to visit the place before sunrise it would be well to remain up all night in order to have time enough to get there before the dawn breaks; for there are no means of travelling across town at that early hour, and the walk is a long one.

The park is right on the river at the foot of East Eighty-fifth street and occupies about two blocks. Blackwell's Island's upper end is directly over the river from it, and back of it rise rows upon rows of great tenements to whose inmates the park is a boom and a blessing.

A large part of the German population of New York live in this section of the city, and as the followers of Knipp include many Germans, they have utilized this welcome spot of green for the water cure.

Mr. Charles explained to me that I should go in raining for the cure the night preceding my experiment. He told me that I should fill the bath tub one-third full of cold water and stand in it for a few minutes with bare feet. Then I was to cover the feet quickly without drying and allow them to dry naturally.

"When you walk upon the grass," he said, "only do so for about ten minutes. Then put on the shoes and stockings without drying the feet and take a brisk walk for a few minutes. You will find that your whole system will be invigorated and your head will feel cool and clear."

THE EARLY MORNING START. One of the first requisites of the cure is the early hour at which one must rise. Father Knipp, who discovered the cure, says that the early morning dew loses its beneficial effects after the sun has touched it, so that the moments just at dawn are the best.

At 3 I had risen and at 4 had started for the Park. The streets looked strange and unfamiliar and there were few people abroad. It was quite dark and oppressively warm. I had to walk from the West Side of town across Central Park, for the cross-town cars were not running.

When I had crossed the Park and entered the East Side of town I was surprised to find men and women and children sleeping upon the sidewalks, driven from their tenement homes by the resting atmosphere. Their faces were pale and exhausted, their closed eyes sunken. Craps rattled from six of the doors I passed on this one street as I went across town.

Soon the Park was before me, and in a few minutes I was in the midst of a group of Knipp curists. The young woman who was to meet me there had already begun her tramp over the sward. She looked very pretty and was by far the most interesting of the group.

She wore a short bicycle skirt with a shirt waist and a Tam o' Shanter cap was on her golden curls. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks pink. Her bare feet were pink and dimpled. There are many who would immediately adopt the Knipp cure could they see this winsome maiden.

She pointed to the upper rim of the fiery red sun, which was just appearing over the water. "You are just in time," she said. "Hurry up with your shoes and stockings; we are so afraid that a policeman will come."

I did as she directed and looked about at the others who were walking on the grass. One of them was a stout German, who would stroll about for a minute or two on the grass and would then slip his huge feet into a pair of carpet slippers without bothering to put on any stockings.

A woman in a yellow shirt waist was walking up and down the path near the river. Her cheeks had a healthy flush upon them. An old gentleman, who looked like an invalid, was sitting upon a bench looking out over the water at the Stonington boat New Hampshire as it steamed by.

"They have been walking," said my companion. "He is resting and she is taking her exercise after the walk on the grass."

I was ready now, but felt rather shaky and queer. Somehow bare feet seemed highly improper and I wished I hadn't come. But my little companion would not brook a minute's delay.

"Step right on the grass; hurry or the sun will be up."

LIKE AN ELECTRIC TINGLE. I put one foot out somewhat gingerly and it sank into the grass. Then the other, and I was safely launched. I felt queer for a minute. The grass was both ice and wet and soft. It seemed to spring under the foot in a surprising fashion. Each time I placed a foot into a fresh place in the grass I felt a tingle go through it like a mild form of electricity. It was delightful.

"You must always walk over new grass," advised my friend in the Tam. "Never put your foot down in the same place or where any one else has trodden. Remember that."

I looked about me again and saw that the sun was now half visible over the river. It was red, like a great ball of molten fire, promising another day of heat. Yet I felt cool, happy and exhilarated. A stout German woman leading a little girl had joined our party. As they stepped in the grass the child cried out with delight.

Down on the dock a woman was rolling a baby carriage and humming softly to a sick child within it. I couldn't help wishing that she would come up with us and walk upon the wet grass. Maybe it might put some color in her cheeks and make her faded eyes grow right.

"Do you know who is going to join us when we get permission to walk in Central Park? Lole Fuller, the dancer! You see she has written to Mr. Charles and told him that she believes in the cure and will try it when she gets to New York. Then there are lots of other well-known people who are going to take it. Of course privacy is desirable when you can get it. But how about all the poor tenement house dwellers?"

"You know that one feature of the cure is this: You must undress and put on some light garment. Then lie right down in the dew and have some one play a garden hose over you. It sounds funny, doesn't it? But they say it is the greatest tonic in the world!"

Suddenly one of the group upon the grass said, in a frightened whisper: "A policeman! and we all gathered up our shoes and stockings and prepared to retreat. But it was a false alarm. My guide looked at her watch. "You're had about enough," she said critically. "It isn't a good idea to overdo it. It has to

be done just right. Now I'm going to put on my shoes. You see the sun is up and every one is getting ready to go." With the same stolidity that had characterized their walk the members of the Knipp Verein were preparing to go.

Have you ever put on your stockings without drying your feet? It is a peculiarly unpleasant sensation, but you must do it if you wish to take the cure correctly. I did so after a struggle, and in a few moments I was walking briskly toward the street again.

"How do you feel?" asked my escort. "Fine," said I, and I did feel fine. My feet tingled and burned a little with a healthy warmth. My head felt clear and buoyant and I didn't seem to mind the heat.

"I come here every morning," said the Knipp priestess. "Went you come and join me? It will do you lots of good!" I didn't promise her that I would, but I should like to take the Knipp cure every morning. But I don't think I shall unless I can arrange to have the sun rise about four hours later. KATE MASTERSON.

NOT ON THE LEVEL.

A New Swindle Being Operated on the Public During the Fruit Season.

The Italian fruit dealers who are selling cherries by weight about the streets of lower New York have a new trick that easily imposes upon the public. These men are obliged to take out a license, and their scales, weights and measures are supposed to be regularly inspected, and if not in proper shape they are liable to fine and imprisonment.

But, while both the scales and the weights which the street pedlers use may be up to the standard requirements, there is nothing said about the angle at which the former shall stand when the fruits are being weighed. The fruit dealers have now found that if the scales are placed upon a slightly inclined plane, with the end upon which the weight is placed lowest, then it only requires about two pounds of fruit to tip the scales bearing a three-pound weight.

The other day a gentleman stepped up to the cart of one of these street pedlers where boxes of fine-looking cherries were exposed to view. The price was low and the customer asked for three pounds of the fruit.

The Italian vendor proceeded to weigh out the cherries. As he did so a street archer stepped up to the purchaser and said, "Say, mister, them scales ain't on the level."

This witticism was literally true when the scales came to be examined. They had been placed on the cover of one of the cherry boxes, which was inclined at a steep angle. This had the effect of bearing down the weight so that two pounds of cherries by actual test were delivered in place of three.

An examination of the carts of other cherry dealers showed that some of them had gone to the length of screwing down the scales at a steep angle, with the weight side down. Others when weighing cherries would tip up their carts so that the same result was secured. Still others kept their scales "on the level" while they were not being used, but the moment cherries were to be weighed they placed the scales on one of the boxes tipped at a steep angle and proceeded to deliver short weight goods while using proper weights in front of the customer.

MOST TATTOOED OF MEN.

King Tawhiao's Stirring History Is Tattooed on His Face and Figure.

King Tawhiao of New Zealand is the finest living example of the art of tattooing as practised by the Maoris. Those people have brought the art to its highest state of development.

The king's title in the native language is ariki, or chief of chiefs. He is possessed by the New Zealand Government and is treated with the greatest respect. The ariki's face is so carved and lined that you can scarcely recognize that it is made of flesh and blood. It looks like a very elaborately carved block of hard brown wood.

New Zealand tattooing is known as moko. It consists of incisions in the skin, and is quite different from the ordinary blue tattooing, which leaves the skin smooth and is practised by many tribes in the Pacific islands. There fine tattooing is practised only by Maori women, and is a frivolous adornment.

The proper carving of the face and figure is a stamp of rank and birth among the Maoris. It is forbidden to slaves and women. Tawhiao is the greatest of chiefs, and that is why he is the most finely carved.

Moko corresponds to heraldry, because it tells what family a man belongs to. The Maori warrior considers it a terrible disgrace to allow his head to fall into the enemy's hands. If he is killed or wounded his friends will cut off his head in order to save it from capture. This is chiefly on account of the sacredness of the moko.

An English sailor who was forcibly subjected to moko, not as a punishment, but in order that a white man might be identified with them, graphically describes the process:

"The whole of the natives having then seated themselves on the ground in a ring, we were brought into the middle, and, being stripped of our clothes and laid on our backs, we were each of us held down by five or six men, while two others commenced the operation of tattooing us.

"Having taken a bit of charcoal and rubbed it upon a stone with a little water until they had produced a thickish liquid, they then dipped into it an instrument made of bone, having a sharp edge like a chisel, and shaped in the fashion of a garden hoe, and immediately applied it to the skin, striking it twice or thrice with a small piece of wood.

"This made it cut into the flesh as a knife would have done, and caused a great deal of blood to flow, which they kept wiping off with the side of the hand in order



to see if the impression was sufficiently clear. When it was not they applied the bone a second time to the same place. They employed, however, various instruments in the course of the operation; one which they sometimes used being made of a shark's tooth and another having teeth like a saw. They had them also of different sizes to suit different parts of the work. While I was undergoing the operation, although the pain was most acute, I

never either moved or uttered a sound, but my comrades moaned dreadfully. Although the operators were very quick and dexterous, I was four hours under their hands, and during the operation the eldest daughter of Amoy a chief, several times wiped the blood from my face with some dressed flax. After it was over she led me to the river that I might wash myself (for it had made me completely blind) and then conducted me to a great

twenty minutes. The other is too me in trouble. The press are very kind to me I am. Fancy: The New York Journal gave me nearly a whole page last time was in America, with a picture. "Mademoiselle," said the Journal "be a Democrat, Republican, Mimetist and anti-bimetallist—something." They are talking of nothing else in America. "I am going there in December." Yvette meant that if it came to a contest between her and Mr. McKinley for popularity, Mr. McKinley would not be in it.

Yvette Guilbert has been interviewed in Paris on the silver question and McKinley. Mlle. Guilbert's ideas of American politics, like herself and her songs, are decidedly French. They are also charmingly frank.

Yvette was in her dressing room at the Ambassadeurs, surrounded by those necessities of the toilette without whose finishing touches the footlights may not be faced. She held a powder puff in one hand and with the other was pointing out good and bad points in a new song which a hopeful composer was submitting to her. He retired, and the Journal correspondent was greeted with a polite wave of the powder-puff.

"I have come, Mademoiselle, to ask what, in your opinion, will be the effect on Europe in general and France in particular of the recent declaration at Chicago for free silver?"

"You have come"—Yvette turned right around from the looking glass in front of which she was sitting, and looked to see if the door was near and help at hand.

The correspondent repeated the question. "I remember," said Mlle. Guilbert, gravely, "the last time I was in America, that some interviewers came to see me and wrote paragraphs about me. They called me, some a Democrat, some a Republican. They said it was politics. You are talking politics?"

"That is it. What do you think of McKinley?"

"McKinley? McK—? I know that name! Yes! A friend of mine, Mr. Reed, was candidate for—something; President, I think; and Mr. McKinley was elected instead."

"He is a gold man. Are you for silver or gold?"

"Gold, of course."

"Quite right. You see that if they paid you, for instance, your fees in silver—"

"If they paid them all, what would it matter whether they paid them in silver or gold? What foolishness!"

"You don't quite understand. Now, suppose you took the silver to a gold standard country—to Germany?"

"What! Why does ever one talk of my going to Germany? I am not going! I shouldn't mind, myself. I think it is only that wine merchants may go there; dress-makers, but not I! That stupid war!"

"But about silver?"

"No Germany for me. I play in Paris. Then, on December 1st, I sing in New York. Then I go on tour. America till March 1. Then to Moscow."

"In the footsteps of Liane de Pougy. This unfortunate interjection brought consequences disastrous to bimetalism."

"Of Liane? Mon Dieu! A fool girl! An idiot! She counts but for foreigners. Who is she in Paris?"

"Yes, yes. You remember at the Chicago Convention?"

"Some one brought her into my room once. She asked me how much I was going to get at Moscow. I told her 30,000 francs a week. She said she got more. I said: 'Well, but you see, I am going there only with my throat!'"

Yvette Guilbert was then asked if it were true that she was going on the theatrical stage. It was not true.

"I am quite content where I am. I can sing eight or nine songs and give my audience eight or nine new sensations in